

Stidger William L

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Lincoln Poetry

Poets

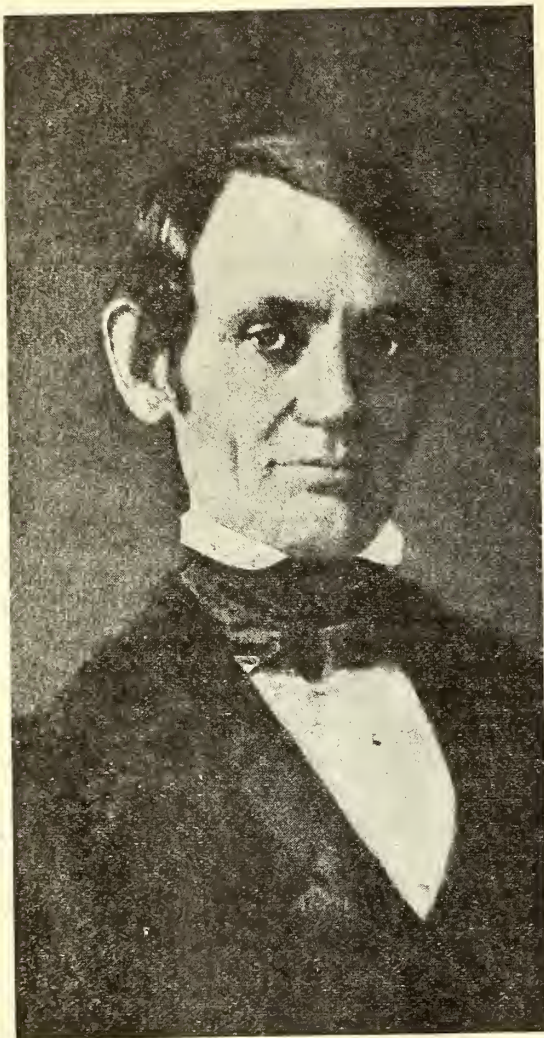
William L. Stidger

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

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Central Christian Advocate

February 7, 1923.



Lincoln in Illinois.

Lincoln's Life Motto.

By WM. L. STIDGER.

"After all the one meaning of life is simply to be kind."

—Lincoln.

Never Seer of an age has told the world
Truth more tender, more eternal;
No Philosopher of might has ever hurled
Across the far-flung reaches of the years
Truth more virile, truth more pregnant
With promise born of the eternal Christ himself;
Born of suffering, and pain, and tears;
Promised hope to all the world of human kind;—
Easing of the wearing, world-old fears,
Than the wonder words he spoke: Just be kind! Oh be kind!

Universal language, though unspoke, of mankind;
Understood instinctively by beast as well as man;
Whether here in hall of learning or in yonder slough we find
Him graveling in the worm fed slime, and dirt and mire;
Seeing him nor blue spread sky above, nor God-like heart of
love!
Understood by worshippers of wind, or earth, or fire;
Wise or foolish, high or lowly; all will understand;
All the world of throbbing, breathing living kind:
Just to be kind! Just to be kind! To be kind.

Zion's Herald, February 6, 1929.

As Lonely as Our Lincoln

William L. Stidger

*AS lonely as a leafless tree
Upon a mountain peak;
As lonely as the silences
Where only breakers speak;
As lonely as an Eagle,
As lonely as a Dove,
As lonely as a Lark that flies
Across gray skies above;
As lonely as our Lincoln was;
As all great men have been;
The child, the youth, and age must go
Amid life's dust and din:
The common man and woman, too;
The souls who toil and spin;
They go alone their lonely ways
'Til Jesus enters in!*

*Then loneliness is broken;
Then solitude must go;
For God and Christ and Love have come,
And Thou hast willed it so.
Then voices ever whisper,
And mighty thunders roll
Along the peak and down the vale
Into the lonely soul;
Then music breaks the silence
And stars begin to sing
Along the high horizons
Where timeless tumults ring.
This is the Song Supernal,
Through ancient anthems sung;
This is the Shout Eternal
From ringing ramparts flung!*

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LINCOLN WALKED LIFE'S HUMBLE WAY

"I was born, and have ever remained, in the most humble walks of life."—Lincoln.

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

*We know that you have walked the humble ways of life;
That you have known the path of pain, and prayer,
and strife;*

*That you have trod her trails, earth's noble son;
Ah! Man of Might, and soul triumphant, stalwart one!*

*Above defeat and death you lift your noble head;
By humble paths your thundering foot-falls led.
And you have given glory to the poor man's heavy
load,*

The pack the lowly man bears down life's common road.

*The common man is king of all men living, since
You trod his path! He has become God's prince!
And we have learned to love that path the more
Because you, Lincoln, walked its wistful ways before.*

*Because you walked that path of pain and strife
And, at its peak, laid down your crown and life;
Because you knew the gall and thorn and cross;
Because you learned life's love and dream and loss!*



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Kas City Chr Advocate, 2-12-31

February 10 1932

ZION'S HERALD

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There Was Much of Christ in Lincoln

William L. Stidger

"People say who saw, 'Lincoln often looked the Christ.' This face is infinitely nearer an expression of our Christ-character than all the conventional pictures of 'the Son of God.' That symbolic head, with its long hair parted in the middle and features that never lived, is the creation of artists; Lincoln's face, the triumph of God through man and of man through God. One, fancy; the other, at labor. Lincoln, the song of Democracy written by God."—GEORGE GREY BARNARD.

THERE was much of Christ in Lincoln,
 Much of love and sympathy;
 Much of laughter in his living,
 Much of pain and mystery.

There was loneliness and sorrow,
 Suffering, and hurt, and pain
 Where he marched beside the martyrs
 In the Knighthood of the Slain.

There was much of Christ in Lincoln;
 Kindliness and beauty—born
 Of the universal sadness
 Of the tortured and the torn.

There was much of Christ in Lincoln:
 In his great democracy;
 Much of strange, unerring instinct,
 Plan and purpose—Destiny!

There was much of Christ in Lincoln,
 Much of darkness and of woe
 On his Via Dolorosa
 Where the mystic martyrs go.

There was much of Christ in Lincoln,
 Much to hush the whole world's heart
 When he walked the path of peril
 To a destiny, apart.



New York Times Studios, From Dorr News Service

LINCOLN KNEELING

A STATUE IN BRONZE BY HERBERT SPENCER HOUCK

February 10 1932

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THE DEATHBED.

Wm. L. Stidger, D.D.

Silence falls, unbroken save by sobs of strong men,
 In that room, were Lincoln, at the morning hours chime
 Passed out into the unknown from the world of human ken.
 Gone his body and his life work from the world inclosed by time;
 But in the silence that was falling after breath of broken prayer,
 Word's eternal broke the quiet like a bell toll on the air,
 Never in the world's wide story, wiser spoke nor Prophet,
 spoke nor Sages,
 Then these words that broke the silence: "He belongs
 now to the Ages!"
 "To the Ages!" will you speak it, Stanton of massive mind!
 He belongs, the years have shown it, to the world of human kind!
 Heard his story, where'er hearts throb o'er the world's far
 spreading way;
 Heard his story, children listen at the closing of the day;
 Heard his story, lovers speak it in their hushed and sadden tones
 As they wander in the twilight, dreaming of their coming homes;
 Heard his story, statesmen tell it, with a thrill of pride and truth;
 Heard his story, old men speak it to the country's growing youth.
 And the years have shown the Prophets and the years have
 shown the Sages.

Writ in fire these words of wisdom "He belongs now to the Ages."

Rev. Wm. L. Stidger who has filled pastorates at Detroit, Kansas City, and is now at Boston, says that he feels that he had not done his whole duty if he does not spend one day in the year at Lincoln's tomb. He autographed for the writer the poem above.

week by week 3/4/33

The Lincoln Spring

BY WILLIAM L. STIDGER

AT THE birthplace of Lincoln on the Lincoln farm, in Hodgenville, Ky., there is a beautiful spring of crystal water, flowing out of a cave, under a great oak tree, of which Lincoln drank as a boy.

There's a flow of crystal water from a hillside far away
In the southland where our Lincoln came to birth one fate-
full day;
There Kentucky fields are sunny, and the happy bluebirds
sing
In the trees above the hillside by a cave-born, cooling
spring.

Bending low to reach its waters in the days of long ago
Lincoln's lips were kissed with cooling in its crystal depths
and flow;
Lincoln's soul was washed with sunshine; Lincoln's mind
was left as clean
As the shadow of his figure in the water's rippling sheen.

Other springs were on the hillside of this lowly Lincoln's
youth
And he drank with wistful wonder from Pierien springs, of
Truth;
For he drank from books and people; and he drank from
mother-love;
Then he drank his fill of worshiping the Father-heart
above.

Other springs were on the hillsides and he drank with holy
glee
From the springs of love and laughter; lowly life and
liberty;
Drank he deep of field and flower; drank he deep of star
and tree;
Filled his soul with Bible lyrics; drank the cup of Destiny.

Other springs were on the hillside of this eager, wistful
life;
Springs of sympathy and yearning for the humble broth-
er's strife;
Springs that had their crystal sources where the ancient
sages trod;
Springs that leapt in light and living from the mighty soul
of God!

